

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The God Supreme"

I feel sorry for your mom muhfucker, you a waste  
When I say that you my dog, I mean a muzzle in your face  
The streets and the deen have me struggling with faith  
The guns mad big like Mutombo on the waist  
I'm a gorilla, God, jungle is my habitat  
Murder many infidel, Yasser Arafat  
How you wanna talk shit and tuck your chain after that  
Infrared beam green, aim it where your cabbage at  
Dirty money lord you can check the back plate  
Run up on this ras clot, show him how the gat tastes  
It's a million muhfuckas in the rat race  
I ain't part of that God, y'all can get the gas face  
Fuck all fates, see you at Allah gates  
All my dogs gonna swarm on you like raw steaks  
Pies and jums, I'mma let 'em all bake  
And if Vinnie here, rap in good hands like Allstate

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song  
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving  
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em  
It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
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I'm always trying to break bread  
Always trying to take the fucking crown so I can take heads  
Underground rappers, more bummier than bass-heads  
Head-shots leave y'all Planet of The Apes dead  
Jeff Chandler, I'mma let them hands fly  
Just in case, Vinnie keep shooters on standby  
Anybody told you any different, it's a damn lie  
You ain't really beef, real beef get pan-fried  
I be in Japan high, y'all be on some stupid shit  
Philly streets, muhfuckers cross you like a crucifix  
In sha Allah, I'mma be alive like Busilvex  
Four pound, break your chest up like Mucinex  
Dead cause I said so, I'mma let the TEC blow  
Fiends lined up like an Air Jordan retro  
Ill from the get-go, I just caught a homi'  
The bullets pierce kevlar, hotter than wasabi

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